"Before all lands, in east or west
I love my native land the best;
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming;
No gold or jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble soul abound,
And eyes of joy are gleaming."

"Before all tongues in east or west
I love my native tongue the best;
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art,
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart
The word is never broken."

"Before all people east or west
I love my countrymen the best,—
A race of noble spirit—
A vigorous mind, a generous heart,
To virtue bound yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit."

"To east and west, I reach my hand;
My heart I give my native land;
I seek her good,— her glory;
I honor every nations name,
Respect their fortunes and their fame
But I love the land that bore me."

— Georg Phillipe Schmidt —
for G T Brooks

"Westward the course of empire takes its way"

– Bishop Berkeley 1684–1753 –

"Room! room to be free
Where the white-bordered sea,
Blows a kiss to a brother
As boundless as he,
And to east and to west,
To the north and the sun,
Blue skies and brown
Grasses are wedded as one,
And the buffalo come like a
Cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of
A storm-driven main,

And the lodge of the hunter
To friend or to foe
Offers rest; and unquestioned
You come, or you go.—
My Plains of America!
Seas of wild lands!
From a land in the seas,
In a raiment of foam,
That has reached to a stranger
The welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you,
Lift you my hands.—"

– Songs of the Sierras –
– Joaquin Miller –

– Head of Buffalo Bull –

Coyotes

Celia — "We still have slept together, rose at an instant, learn'd,
Play'd, eat together; And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's Swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable."

– As You Likeit –
Act 1 S 3

Southern Pine Forest

"Blest be the kindly genius of the scene:
The river, bending in unbroken grace;
The stately thickets, with their pathways green;
Fair lonely trees, each in its fittest place."

Those thickets haunted by the deer and faun;
Those cloudlike flights of birds across the lawn;
The gentlest breezes here delight to blow,
And sun and shower and star, are emulous to deck the show."

— Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli —

Cotton Field

"Come er hussel out de seed dar and lay out de row,
Time dat de cotton's in de groun';
Come er turner lose de huntin' dog, and er ketch up de hoe,
Time dat de cotton's in de groun'.
De air it am sweet wid de dog-wood bloom,
Time dat de cotton's in de groun';
An' de de nigger 'oman sweeps de yard wid de broom,
Time dat de cotton's in de groun'."

"De buck-shot hun' makes er bale ter de acre,
Time dat de cotton's in de groun';
When ev'oman had er chill, an' Lawd, how it shak'er,
Time dat de cotton's in de groun';
Ole man ter de hoe, young man ter de plow,
Time dat de cotton's in de groun';
An er let de little nigger go an' drive up de cow,
Time dat de cotton's in de groun'."

— Arkansas Plantation Song —

No. 204. Cutting Sugar Cane.

No. 200. Levee, & Sugar-Sheds.

Paince of Morocco — "Mislike me not for my complexion, the shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun, to whom I am a neighbor, and near bred."

Merchant Of Venice
Act II - S I

"Acres of merchandise, of cotton bales,
And bales of hay, awaiting transportation;
Ploughs, household goods, and kegs of rum or nails
Endless supplies for village and plantation,
Enclosed a scene of wondrous animation,
Of outcry and apparent wild confusion
Contrasting with the sunset's soft illusion:—"

No. 205. A Cotton-Float.

No. 209. Sir Jessie K. Bell, Loading.

"The steamers lying broadside to the stream,
With delicately billiard decks, the clang
Of bells, the uproar of escaping steam;
There, tugging at some heavy rope, the gang
Of slaves that altogether swayed and sang,
Their voices rising in a wild, rich chime,
To which lithe forms and lithe black arms kept time;"

"The shouts of negro-drivers, droves of mules,
Driven in their turn by madly yelling blacks;
Chairs, tables, kitchen-ware and farming tools,
Carts, wagons, barrels, boxes, bales, and sacks,
Pushed, hauled, rolled, tumbled, tossed, or borne on backs
Of files of men, across the ways of plank
Between the loading steamers and the bank!"

"O, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come
To set de people free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves,
He jus' as strong as den;
He say de word: we las' night slaves;
To-day, de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!"

"Ole massa on he trabbels gone;
He leaf de land behind;
De Lord's breff blow him finder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plough,
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile be sold.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!"

Slave Quarters on Sugar Plantation of Victor Marmillon – St Jean Baptiste

"We pray de Lord: he gib us signs
Dat some day we be free;
De north-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild-duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!"

"We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word;
So like de postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord:
An' now he open ebery door,
An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub him so before,
We lub him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He'll gib de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!"

– Whittier –

(At Port Royal)

"Then as the sunlight faded from the stream,
And deepening shadows cooled the upper air,
The waves were lighted by the lurid gleam
Of flambeaux that began to smoke and flare,
And cast a picturesque and ruddy glare
On shore and boats and men of every hue."

— John T. Trowbridge —

Jackson Square
New Orleans-

Residence of M. Victor Marmillon
St Jean Baptiste

9 10

Natural Bridge at Irish Bend
Bayou Teche - La

"Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and
forests of fruit trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers and
the bluest of heavens

Residence of Joseph Jefferson - "Orange Isle"
New Iberia - Bayou Teche - La

Bending above, and resting its dome on the
walls of the forest.
They who dwell there, have named it the
"Eden of Louisiana". "

~ H W Longfellow ~

Bayou des Cotes - La

"The stream moves onward through the dark ravines,
Rending the roots of overarching trees,
To form its narrow channel, where the star,
That fain would bathe its beauty in the wave,
Like lover's glance, steals, trembling, through the leaves
That veil the waters with a vestal's care;
And few of human form have ventured there,
Save the swart savage in his bark canoe. "

~ Sarah J. Hale ~

The Alamo - San Antonio

Formerly Mission San Antonio de Valero - founded May 8th 1744

Mexican Market Day - Military Plaza - San Antonio

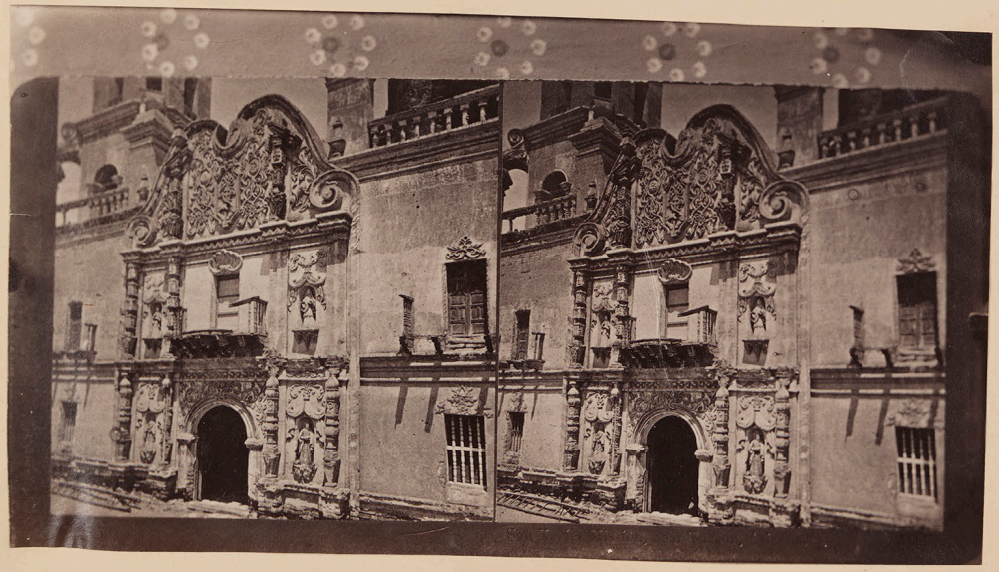
"Amid these ruins, gloomy, ghostly, strange,
The weird memorials of an elder time,
The sacred relics of dead centuries,
I stand in utter loneliness. * * Ye were reared
O ruins old, by stern and holy men, –
God's messengers unto a new-found world, –
Whose voices, like the trumpet of the blast,
Resounded through the forests, and shook down,
As by an earthquake's dread iconoclasm,
The idols that men worshipped – "

~ George Dennison Prentice ~

Mission Concepcion - San Antonio
"Nuestra Senora de la Concepcion la Purissima de Acuna" - 1716

Mission San Jose - San Antonio
"San Jose de Aguayo" - 1720

B 175. San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, Arizona.



Façade Mission San Xavier

Mexican Girls

Mexican Ox-Cart

The Desert

"Outside of civilization,
Far from the abodes of men,
Where the cactus blows
And the wild sage grows,
In the haunts of the wild sage-hen."

Pampas Grass
Gynerium argenteum

"No birds are there to warble,
No sounds on the breezes float,
Save the vulture's "caw",
Full of dismal awe,
And the howl of the gray coyote."

– John Brayton Kaye –

Prickly Pear
Opuntia

Spanish Bayonet
Yucca baccata

Cactus — Cereus Thurberi

15 to 25 feet

Fan Palm — Washingtonia filifera

American Aloe — Agave Shawii

Sometimes called Century Plant

Cactus — Cereus Giganteus

30 to 40 feet

Lighthouse at Point Loma
Harbor of San Diego

The Plaza at Old San Diego

Horton House - New San Diego

Mission San Diego - July 16th 1769

The "Sweetwater" and Monte San Miguel
San Diego

"At noon, within the dusty town,
Where the wild river rushes down,
And thunders hoarsely all day long,
I think of thee, my hermit stream,
Low singing in thy summer dream,
Thine idle, sweet, old, tranquil songs."
— Anna Boynton Averill —

Indian Rancheria
San Diego

Monument marking the boundary
between the United States and Mexico

Old Spanish Adobe House – Old San Diego

Old Spanish Adobe Church – Old San Diego

Mission San Luis Rey de Francia – June 13th 1798

Indian Adobe Hut - San Gabriel

Mission San Gabriel - Sept 8th. 1771

"Fair Oaks" - The residence of J. F. Franks Esq. - San Gabriel Valley - Cal -

Old "Round House and Tree Cactus
Main St. Los Angeles - Cal -

Pasadena - San Gabriel Valley - from the residence of Mrs. Jeannie C. Carr

Man from the Northland,
Man from the Southland,
Haste empty-handed;
No more than manhood
Bring they, and hands. "

"Dark hair and fair hair,
Red blood and Blue blood,
There shall be mingled;
Force of the ferment
Makes the New Man. "

"Pick of all kindreds,
King's blood shall theirs be,
Shoots of the eldest
Stock upon Midgard,
Sons of the poor. "

"Them waits the New Land;
They shall subdue it,
Leaving their son's sons
Space for the body,
Space for the soul. "

— James Russell Lowell —

Old Spanish Adobe House - Santa Barbara

"The Arlington" - Santa Barbara

~Mission Santa Barbara~

— The Angelus —

"Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With colors of romance: "

"I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land. "

"Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls. "

"Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past, —
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last! "

"Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow. "

"Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon. "

"O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old, —
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold! "

"Your voices break and falter in the darkness, —
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill! "

~ Bret Harte ~

Mission Santa Barbara - December 4th 1786

Mission Santa Barbara

35 36

The Garden - Mission Santa Barbara

Mission Santa Barbara

Mission Santa Barbara

The Monks of Mission Santa Barbara – 1884

"Here oft the sweet strains of an Ave Mary
Have stolen through the twilight still and clear;
And the wild cadence of a Miserere
Has struck upon the midnight's startled ear."

"And in the frequent pauses of devotion,
When silence brooded o'er the prostrate band,
Was heard the deep-mouthed wailing of the ocean
Beating forever on the rocky strand."

~ Wm. Leighton ~

Mission San Luis Obispo - Sept 1st 1772

Mission San Carlos, or Carmel - Estab.d by Father Junipero Serra - June 3d - 1770

The Forest of Monterey

"Along the shore ye lift your rugged arms,
Blackened with many fires, and with hoarse chant—
Unlike the fibrous lute your co-mates touch
In elder regions,—fill the awful stops
Between the crashing cataracts of the surf.
* * * * — The sea-winds pluck
Your mossy beards, and gathering as they sweep
Yer your high heads, and with your sinewy arms
Grapple and toil in vain. A deeper roar,
Sullen and cold, and rousing into spells
Of stormy volume, is your sole reply.
Anchored in firm-set rock, ye ride the blast,
And from the promontory's utmost verge
Make signal o'er the waters. So ye stood
When, like a star, behind the lonely sea,
Far shone the white speck of Grijalva's sail;
And when, through driving fog, the breaker's sound
Frighted Otondo's men, your spicy breath
Played as in welcome round their rusty helms,
And backward from its staff shook out the folds
Of Spain's emblazoned "Banner—"

— Bayard Taylor —

"Hotel Del Monte" – Monterey – Grounds and Gardens – 126 acres –

Cypress Point – Monterey –

"Far o'er the fields the tall daisies blush warm,
For rosy the sunset is dying;
Across the still valley, o'er meadow and farm,
The flush of its beauty is lying "

"White foams the milk in the pail at my feet;
Clearly the robins are calling;
Soft blows the evening wind after the heat;
Cool the long shadows are falling "

"Little dun cow, 'tis so tranquil and sweet!
Are you light-hearted I wonder?
What do you think about — something to eat?
On clover and grass do you ponder? "

"I am remembering days that are dead,
And a brown little maid in the gloaming,
Milking her cow, with the west burning red
Over waves that about her were foaming. "

— Celia Thaxter —

The "Baldwin Dairy" Ranch – Santa Cruz

The Pacific and The Cliffs – Santa Cruz –

"The Sunset Sea! The noblest and the broadest
Of all the oceans girdling wave-washed earth;
The calmest, gentlest, yet at times the maddest,
In raving paroxysms of stormy mirth –"

– Henry Morford –

Mrs. Dr. Edward Williams of Phila. - and "The Ponies"

Isabella — "I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name".

~ Measure For Measure - Act III - S I ~

Puck — "This is the woman, but not this the man."

~ Midsummer Night's Dream ~
Act III - S - 2

California Bee Ranch

King Henry — "When, like the bee, tolling from every flower the virtuous sweets, our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey, we bring it to the hive; and like the bees, are murder'd for our pains."

~ 2nd King Henry IV - Act IV - S - 4 ~

The Geysers – (Sonoma County)

"Friend of my soul, this water sip,
Its strength you need not fear;
'Tis not so luscious as egg flip,
Nor half so strong as beer –"

– Punch –

The "Geysers Hotel

~ On a Cone of the Big Trees ~

"Brown foundling of the Western wood,
Babe of primeval wildernesses!
Long on my table thou hast stood
Encounters strange, and rude caresses;
Perchance contented with thy lot,
Surroundings new, and curious faces,
As though ten centuries were not
Imprisoned in thy shining cases!"

"Once more I see the rocking masts
That scrape the sky, their only tenant
The jay-bird, that in frolic casts
From some high yard his broad blue pennant.
I see the Indian files that keep
Their places in the dusty heather,
Their red trunks standing ankle deep
In moccasins of rusty leather."

"Thou bring'st me back the halcyon days
Of grateful rest; the week of leisure,
The journey lapsed in autumn haze,
The sweet fatigue that seemed a pleasure,
The morning ride, the noonday halt,
The blazing slopes, the red dust, rising,
And then — the dim, brown, columned vault,
With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing."

Thy sire saw the light that shone
On Mohammed's uplifted crescent,
On many a royal gilded throne,
And deed forgotten in the present;
Thee saw the age of sacred trees
And Druid groves and mystic laches;
And saw from forest domes like these
The builder bring his Gothic arches."

~ Bret Harte ~

"O, who would e'er have thought that time could have decayed
Those trees, whose bodies seemed by their so massy weight
To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous height
To climb into the clouds; their arms so far to shoot,
As they in measuring, were of acres, and their root,
With long and mighty spurns to grapple with the land
As nature would have said, that they shall ever stand."

~ Michael Drayton ~
1563–1631

Calaveras Grove – Sequoia gigantea – "Big Tree Hotel"

Big tree through which the Stage passes en route to the Yosemite

Tolokómula Pass - Yosemite

California Mountain Stage - (Charlie Foss)

The North Dome (3568) and The Half or South Dome (4737). Indian Tisayac
Yosemite

The Yosemite Falls - 2526 feet

"It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props heaven."

~ Wm. Cullen Bryant ~

El Capitan (3300) Ind. Tottokanula (Great Chief of the Valley)
Yosemite

The North Dome reflected in Mirror Lake – Yosemite

"There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate the nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs, —
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
The weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them."

— Wm. Cullen Bryant —

The Sentinel (3043) Ind. Loya – and Leidig's Hotel
Yosemite

The Cathedral Spires (3160) Ind. Posinaschwa – Yosemite

"A Tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows"

Mother Bombie

The Sierra from Glacier Point (3200) Mts. Star King - Hoffman - Lyell - Clark - Dana &c -
Nevada Falls (600) Ind. Yowige - and Vernal Falls (400) Ind - Peivayak

"Afar the bright Sierras lie
A swaying line of snowy white,
A fringe of heaven hung in sight
Against the blue base of the sky -"
- Joaquin Miller -

Yosemite Valley, from "Inspiration Point" - "Bridal Veil" falls (900) Ind - Pohono

Down the Valley from Union Point

The "Agassiz Column" Yosemite

"This mountain bore his well-loved name
Whose greatness runs through both the hemispheres,
Whose life-work, after death, but swells his fame,
Whose sudden loss, set Science' self in tears -"

~ Charlotte Fiske Bates ~

The Yosemite Falls

The Upper Yosemite Fall - (1600)

"The Golden Gate" - The entrance to San Francisco Harbor -

"The Golden Gate, indeed! where cliffs stand sentry,
And mountains heavenward lift their giant forms,
And western gales make rough and dangerous entrée
To havens that shut away the wildest storms, -
Fit index for the marvellous City, rising
To granite strength from whelming waves and sands, -
In wealth, in vice, in power, in good, surprising, -
Most strange anomaly of human hands! - "

The Cliff House and Seal Rocks - outside "The Golden Gate"

"The Golden Gate, indeed! when morning flashes
Its cloudless splendors o'er wave, cliff and height,
When wild the surf on rocky Lobos dashes,
Then glorious, grand, exhilarant, and bright; -
But crowned supreme, when cloudland's shapes immortal
Attend the sun low down the radiant west,
And the grand gateway grows a gilded portal
For sailing towards the 'Islands of the Blest'. "

- Henry Morford -

– The Golden Gate –

"The air is chill, and the day grows late
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate:
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales:
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay;
Each to its anchorage finding way.
Where the hills of Sancelito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others – behold – unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatras:
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown,
Were blazoned in a land unknown;
So, charmed from war or wind or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide."

– Edward Pollock –

Outside The Golden Gate

Oakland Ferry

B 526 C. P. R. R. Depot, Oakland, Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

"I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's 'Land of flowers'! -

"It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the Northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours! -"

— O. W. Holmes —

548 Instantaneous View, Beach at Cliff House. Taber Photo., San Fr

"Clear noon without obscurity.
No flake of cloud twixt heaven and me;
No mist athwart the Golden Gate:
The hearty sun doth wilfully
His profuse beams precipitate

"I cling to humped rocks that kneel
On unswept sands, where breakers reel
In splendid curves, and pile their foam
In spongy hills, that slow congeal,
And dulse and drift-wood find a home.

"I watch the waves that seem to breathe
And pant unceasingly beneath
Their silken coverings, that cringe,
As flecked with swirls of froth, they seethe,
And whip, and flutter to a fringe."

— Chas W. Stoddard —

B 49. New City Hall, San Francisco, Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

B 894 Instantaneous View of Ferry Buildings, S. F. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

Residence of Capt. Oliver Eldridge - San Francisco - Cal.

B 45. The Colton and Crocker Mansions, S. F., Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

"Pause for a moment, – for our eyes behold
The plain unsceptred king, the man of gold,
The thrice illustrious threefold millionaire;
Mark his slow-creeping, dead, metallic stare;
His eyes, dull glimmering, like the balance-pan
That weighs its guinea as he weighs his **man**."
– O. W. Holmes –

B 100 Mrs. Mark Hopkins' Residence, S. F., Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

B 1078 J. C. Flood's Residence, Menlo Park, Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

"What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?"
- Hood -

B 20. Chas. Crocker's Residence, San Francisco, Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

B 528 Chinese Josh-House, S. F., Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

"Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I would rise to explain."

B 42. Shop in Chinatown, S. F., Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

"Ah Sin was his name.
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye."

~ Bret Harte ~

B 1. Alley in Chinatown, S. F., Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

B 10. Fire in Chinatown, S. F., Cal. Taber Photo., San Francisco.

"We, the evening's latest born,
Hail the children of the morn!
We the new creation's birth,
Greet the lords of ancient earth,
From their storied walls and towers
Wandering to these tents of ours!"

"Knowledge dwells with length of days;
Wisdom walks in ancient ways;
Thine the compass that could guide
A nation o'er the stormy tide,
Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,
Safe through thrice a thousand years!"

"Looking from thy turrets gray
Thou hast seen the world's decay, —
Egypt drooping in her sands, —
Athens rent by robber's hands, —
Rome the wild barbarian's prey,
Like a storm-cloud swept away."

(O. W. Holmes)

Mt. Shasta (14444 ft) from Strawberry Valley

"Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home,
Salute my mountains, – clouded Hood,
St Helens, in its sea of wood,
Where sweeps the Oregon, and where,
White storms are in the feathered fir."

– Songs of the Sierras –
– Joaquin Miller –

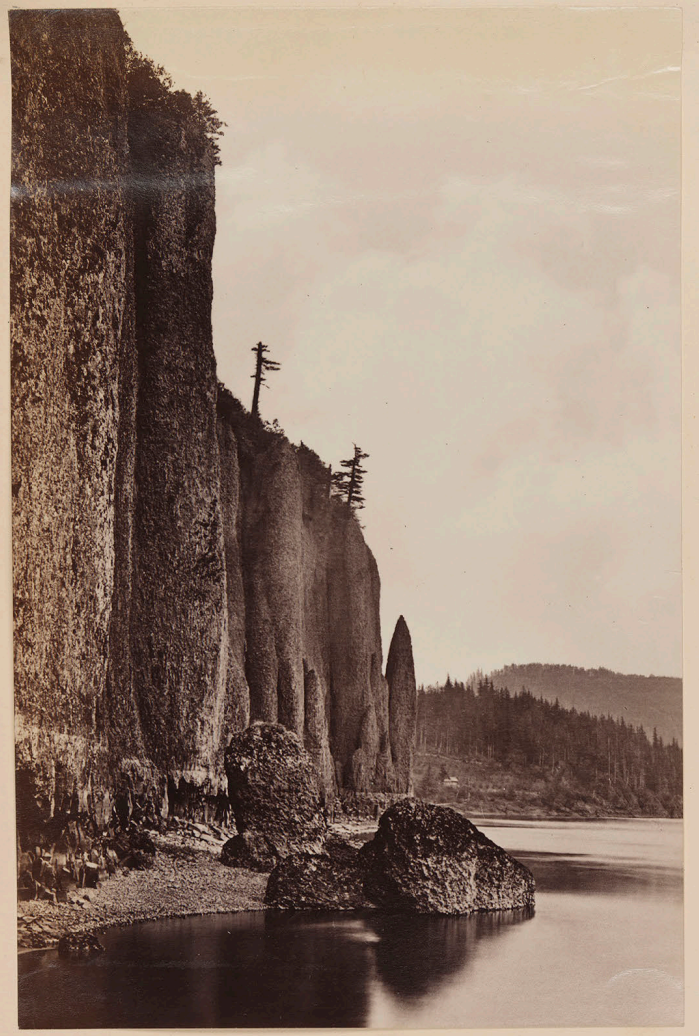
Mt Ranier or Tacoma – (14300 ft) from Tacoma – Puget Sound

"But is that a mountain playing cloud,
Or a cloud playing mountain, just there, so faint?
Now you have caught it, but, ere you are older
By half an hour, you will lose it and find it
A score of times; while you look 'tis gone,
And, just as you've given it up, anon
It is there again, till your weary eyes
Fancy they see it waver and rise,
With its brother clouds –"

– James Russell Lowell –

The Columbia at Mitchells Point

The Columbia at the Dalles, and Mt Hood - (14000 ft)



Cape Horn – Columbia River

The "Northern Pacific" rounding Mitchells Point – The Columbia

"Slow fades the vision of the sky;
The golden water pales;
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all:
The sunset-fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain-pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well."

– John Greenleaf Whittier –

Sitka - Alaska

"Wall, I reckon't ain't so bad,
Seein' ez it was all they had;
True, the Spring's are rather late,
And early Falls predominate;
But the rice crop's pretty sure,
And the air is kind o' pure;

"'T ain't so very mean a trade,
When the land is all surveyed.
There's a right smart chance for pur-chase
All along this recent purchase,
And, unless the stories fail,
Every fish from cod to whale;"

"'Rocks, too; mebbe quartz; let's see, –
'T would be strange if there should be, –
Seems I've heard such stories told;
Eh! – why, bless us, – yes, it's gold! –"

– Bret Harte –

Great Salt Lake - Utah

Rocky Mountains - Colorado

The Colorado Central - branch of the U.P. — Clear Creek Cañon

CLEAR CREEK CANON, GEORGETOWN AND VICINITY, COLO.

The Colo. Central Div. of the U. P. Ry. enters Clear Creek Canon 16 miles west of Denver, at Golden. A few miles up the canon, are Hanging Rock, Roadmaster, Mother Grundy and Inspiration Point. At Beaver Brook, 300 feet above the road is a pavilion, used in summer by picnic parties. At Forks creek, the route for Black Hawk and Central keeps to the right; distance between these towns is 1 mile, but 4 miles are made by rail like the letter Z, to surmount the grade of 508 feet. Idaho Springs, is noted for its hot and cold mineral springs. Above Idaho are located mills, tunnels, quartz and placer mines. Georgetown is surrounded on all sides by high mountains, and has a population of 4,000. Altitude 8,419 feet. Green Lake three miles distant, at an altitude of 10,400 feet is quite a resort; from a boat on the lake, the petrified forest can be seen many feet below the surface. Clear Lake and the cave are near. The summit of Grey's and Torry's Peaks, altitude of former 14,341 and latter 14,336 feet, are reached from Georgetown; distance 16 miles. A few minutes walk above town, is Bridal Veil Falls and Devils Gate. The High Line Ry. between Georgetown and Silver Plume, is a wonderful piece of engineering skill. The road crosses itself over Devils Gate, on a curved bridge 75 feet above the road below, and makes a curve of ¾ of a circle high up on the side of a mountain. Direct distance between these two towns is 1½ miles, by rail, 4¼ miles, grade 610 feet.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. MARTIN.

ROBT. M. DAVIS, PUBLISHER, DENVER, COLO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The Loop - Clear Creek Cañon - Col.
Colorado Central - branch of The U.P. R.R.

The Bridge at the Loop, Clear Creek Cañon - Col
Colorado Central - branch of The U.P.R.R.

A Mining Town - Rocky Mountains - Col.

Torrey's Peak - (14440 ft) from Gray's Peak trail

"They beckon from their sunset domes afar,
Light's royal priesthood, the eternal hills:
Though born of earth, robed of the sky they are;
And the anointing radiance heaven distils
On their high brows, the air with glory fills.
The portals of the west are opened wide;
And lifted up, absolved from earthly ills,
All thoughts, a reverent throng, to worship glide."

— Lucy Larcom —

"Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our Rocky Mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There as thou standst,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek."

— Wm Cullen Bryant —

The Trail to Gray's Peak – Gray's and Torrey's Peaks – Col.

The Summit of Gray's Peak (14456 ft) and Torrey's Peak – Col.

Nearing the Snow-line

"Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;
Few are the slender floverets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!"

— O. W. Holmes —

Panoramic view of the Rocky Mountains, from Gray's Peak - Col.

Mt. Of the Holy Cross - (14176) from Gray's Peak - Col -

The Colorado "Ship of the Desert", at anchor on the Summit of Gray's Peak

Titania — "Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat."

Bottom — "Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your dry good oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow."

(Midsummer Night's Dream Act IV S-1)

Train of "Burros", unloading silver ore at the Smelting Works

Rocky Mountains - Col - Platte River -
Denver and South Park branch of U P - R.R.

Rocky Mountains - Col
The Platte - Denver & South Park - div - of U P - R.R.

The Arkansas River – Rocky Mountains – Col.

Denver and Rio Grande R.R.

"Long are the furrows he must trace between
The ocean's azure and the prairie's green;
Full many a blank his destined realm displays,
Yet see the promise of his riper days:
Far through yon depths the panting engine moves,
His chariots ringing in their steel-shod grooves."

– O. W. Holmes –

Rocky Mountains. Col. (10209')

Manitou and Pike's Peak (14147')

"The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below."

— Wm. Cullen Bryant —

"Ye snow-capped mountains, basking in the sun,
Like fleecy clouds that deck the summer skies,
On you I gaze, when day's dull task is done,
Till night shuts out your glories from my eyes."

"For stormy turmoil and ambition's strife,
I find in you a solace and a balm,—
Derive a higher purpose, truer life,
From your pale splendor, passionless and calm."

"Mellowed by distance, all your rugged cliffs
And deep ravines in graceful outlines lie;
Each giant form in silent grandeur lifts
Its hoary summit to the evening sky."

"I reck not of the wealth untold, concealed
Beneath your glorious coronal of snows,
Whose budding treasure, yet but scarce revealed,
Shall blossom into trade,— a golden rose."

"A mighty realm is waking at your feet
To life and beauty, from the lap of Time,
With cities vast, where millions yet shall meet,
And peace shall reign in majesty sublime."

"Rock-ribbed Sierras, with your crests of snow,
A type of manhood, ever strong and true,
Whose heart with golden wealth should ever glow,
Whose thoughts in purity should symbol you."

— John J. Owen —

Garden of the Gods and Pike's Peak

Distant view of Pike's Peak

"Look now abroad,— another race has filled
These populous borders,— wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees."

Wm. Cullen Bryant

Colorado Springs, - in the distance Pike's Peak - Col.

"Alas! no treason has degraded yet
The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet;
A simple rite, that bears the
wanderer's pledge,
Blunts the keen shaft and turns
the dagger's edge; —
While jockeying senates stop to
sign and seal,
And freeborn statesmen legislate
to steal. "

O.W. Holmes

Kie-she-voaa - The Bounding Elk
- A celebrated Chief of the Kioways -

"Alas for them! — their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds;
The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods;
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children, — look! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
Their children go — to die! "

— Charles Sprague —

"Well, one may trail her silken robe,
And bind her locks with pearls,
And one may wreathe the woodland rose
Among her floating curls;

And one may tread the dewy grass,
And one the marble floor,
Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,
Nor broidered corset more! "

~ O.W. Holmes ~

Hayne-Hudjihini – Eagle of Delight
– Piute Squaw –

Young-Ma-has-ka – The White Cloud
Son of a Piute Chief

Shoshone encampment — Indian Reservation

"As monumental bronze unchanged his look:
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:
Train'd from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive — fearing but the shame of fear —
A stoic of the woods — a man without a tear."

Campbell

Shooting in Minnesota — "Home to Supper"

Mr + Mrs. Dr. M—r. Mess. S. M—r. + L. N—s. ("Fashion". "Bob". "Vixen". "Duke". "Don". "Queen" + "Rags"

" I hait the Site of a feller with a
muskit as I do pizn, But there
is fun to a cornwallis I ain't
agoin to deny it "

— Hosea Biglow —
J.R.L.

"He was a sportsman, knew the game,
And thought himself immense,
Until he crossed a field one day,
And struck a barbed wire fence."

"Then there he to himself confessed,
While muttering words of woe,
That there were in the sportsman's life,
Some points he didn't know."

(L'inconnu)

Shooting in Minnesota – The Noonday lunch on the Praire

Mrs. Dr. M–r. Mrs. B. M–r + L. N–s. ('Fashion' 'Rag' 'Bob' + 'Vixen')

"Ah me! what sport it is to jog
All day behind a spike-tailed dog;
To bid farewell to sluggish ease,
And wade in mud up to your knees;
And when you've spent a fruitless day,
To buy your game from some old jay."

– All Sorts –

"'Tis now the hunter with his gun
Over the woodland rambles,
And beards the rabbit in his den
Among the brakes and brambles."

"The crisp invigorating air
Fills him with vague delight,
And sharpens each and every sense,
Particularly sight."

"Aha! at last the game is roused—
Bouncing big rabbit, very fat!
Bang! Bang! 'Tis his!. Is it? Why, no,—
'Tis the neighboring farmer's cat!—"

~ The Judge ~

Shooting in Minnesota — "Good Dog" — "Fetch — Dead"
G. M—r. and "Old Fashion"

Clark Street – Chicago –

Michigan Avenue – "Calumet Club" – Chicago

Michigan Avenue at Lake Park - Chicago
Lake Michigan

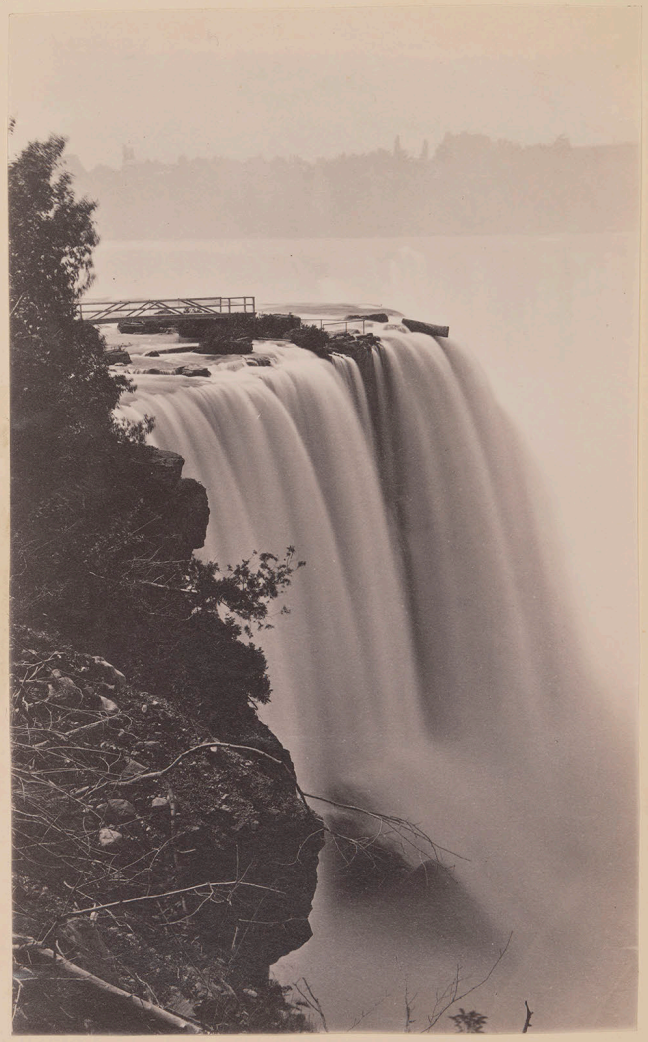
South Park - Chicago

The Lake - Lincoln Park - Chicago

Lincoln Park - Chicago

The 'American Fall' from 'The Ferry'
Height - 164 feet - Breadth 900 feet

General view of The Falls and Goat Island



Horse-Shoe Fall - Terrapin Rock

The Rapids from Suspension Bridge

The Horse-Shoe Fall from Table Rock

Our Country

"First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!"

"Let Justice, with the faultless Scales,
Hold fast the worships of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!"

"So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow him the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-sped angels hail thy cause!"

"O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!"

— Julia Ward Howe —

"Ez we're a sort o' privateerin'
O course you know, its sheer an' sheer,
An' there is suthin' south your hearin'
I'll mention in your privit-ear;
Ef you git me inside the White House,
Your head with ile I'll kin o' 'nint
By gittin you inside the Light-house
Down by the end o' Jaalam Pint."

— Hosea Biglow —

JRL

The Capitol - Washington D.C.

The "White House" - Washington

Washington from the grounds of The Smithsonian Instn

The Smithsonian Institution - Washington

Mills Seminary – Seminary Park Alameda City. California

Mills Seminary from Prospect Hill

Century Plant - Mills Seminary
California

Rose Porch - Mills Seminary
California

"
In which were okes grete, streight as a line,
Under the which the grasse, so fresh of hewe,
Was newly sprong; and an eight foot or nine
Every tree wel fro his fellow grew,
With branches brode, laden with leves newe,
That sprongen out ayen the sunneshene,
Some very redde, and some a glad light grene:"

— Chaucer —

Mills Seminary Grounds - Alderwood Dell -

Mills Seminary Grounds - Bryant Walk - Eucalyptus trees

Mills Seminary Grounds – "Rose Bank"

Mills Seminary Grounds – Live Oaks – The Croquet Ground

Broad Street - Savannah - Georgia

The Old Fort - St Augustine - Florida -

St Francis Street - St Augustine - Florida

Ocklawaha River - Florida

Washington's House – Mt. Vernon – Virginia

Washington's Tomb – Mt. Vernon

Surf on Lake Michigan

Lake in Lincoln Park

Chicago

Views

House at Kenwood

Michigan Avenue at 23d St.

South Park in winter

A Virginia Watermelon Field

"Oh see dat watermillion a smilin' trew de fence,
How I wish dat watermillion - it was mine.
De white folks must be foolish to lef' it dar alone
A smilin' at me from de vine.

Chorus.

Oh de hambone am sweet, bacon am good,
Possum fat am berry berry fine;
But gim' me, oh gim' me, I really wish you would,
De watermillion smilin' on de vine.

You may talk about yo' peaches yo' apples an' yo' pears,
An' de' simmons growin' on de' simmon tree,
But bless yo' soul my honey, of all de' fruit dat grows
De watermillion am de fruit for me.

Chorus.

Now de' dewdrops dey am fallin', and millions gwine to cool,
An' I know it's gwine to eat most awful fine;
An' I'm gwine to fetch it, or else I is a fool,
I ain' gwine to lef' it spilin' on de vine.

Chorus.

"The watermillion smilin' on the vine"
As written and sung by Polk Miller Esq.
Richmond - Va.